

The Humorous Side of Life.

Curious Conceits of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

The day is not far distant, some people say, when wireless telegraphy will completely replace the present system. Some people even go so far as to predict that in the near future each citizen will carry a portable transmitter and receiver, by means of which he can, from any place, establish immediate communication with anybody else.

Out-of-town depositors can talk with bank officials; criminal lawyers can advise clients who are in hiding; even busy wives, who formerly could not find time to get the all-important question, can call up their sweethearts between sales, when wireless telegraphy is perfected.

When that time arrives we may expect to find some such items as these in our morning newspapers:

UNDESIRABLE TRANSMITTER STOLEN.
Thieves entered the residence of President House, 10 East 44th street, last night and carried away his transmitter to the Hide and Skin Bazaar. Bank. Luckily Mr. Rich had a duplicate and he immediately telegraphed the bank to stop reception on all messages sent to his vibration.

SCANDALOUS CHARACTER TALKED UP.
A man who says he is McCracken Safe Company's ship, was looked up in 515th street last night as a suspicious character. Policeman O'Grady first noticed him acting queerly on a Broadway stage. A search of the prisoner revealed an X-ray machine and a bunch of skeleton receivers. The police think they have in Safes the man who has recently been tapping a well-known Wall Street tip service.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PROMISE KEPT.
The breach of promise suit brought by Polly Dimpleton against Sil E. Oldboy, the well-known sportsman, was tried before Justice Lee Gore yesterday.

Miss Dimpleton, radiant in a steel blue Samarra, wrapped trimmed with electric shocks, testified that while at Paradise Park, N. J., last summer, she called up Mr. Oldboy, who was then in Japan, and asked him to marry her. He replied in the affirmative.

Miss Sue Septabul and Miss Sarah Nade testified that they were with Miss Dimpleton at the time, and corroborated her story.

Mr. Oldboy said, when called in his own defense, that he did say "yes" on the date mentioned, but not to Miss Dimpleton. A friend in India, he said, whose receiver, unfortunately, was keyed to the same number of vibrations as Miss Dimpleton's, had at that moment called him up to find out if he had any entries in the Cowes ship race.

I said "yes" to my Indian friend," explained Mr. Oldboy, "having in mind, of course, the ship race. Miss Dimpleton's message must have come when my receiver was occupied with the other message, and therefore was never received by me."

At midnight the jury was still out.

NEGRO MARCONIED.
LYNCHVILLE, Ga., Jan. 8.—John Williams, a negro awaiting trial for murder, was taken from the jail here last night by a mob of leading citizens and quickly despatched to the next world by wireless telegraphy. The operators used a rope.

UP TO HER.

Algeron—You must blow in a good deal on cigarettes.
Montmorency—Oh, yes, but I blow it all out again.

Short and Not Very Sweet.

A lovely
Night—
A moon
So bright
A swain
In love
Fair Maid
threw—
A chord
A song
A bark—
No long!

—Princeton Tiger.

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Considerable.



Deacon Kindleigh—So poor Brother Littleton left all he had to the Children's Home. Did he have much?

Sister Fourleigh—Eight boys and three girls.

The Frog and the Ox.

Once a lady Frog, sitting on the edge of her Pool, beheld an Ox in the pasture beyond.

"Am I as big as you Ox?" she asked her Off-Spring.

"No, Mamma," answered the truthful Off-Spring. "You are not so many by several sizes."

The Frog took a long breath and puffed herself.

"Now am I as big as you Ox?" she asked.

"No, Mamma," again answered the truthful Off-Spring. "The Ox still has the Bulge on you by considerable."

At this the Frog still further puffed herself, until finally she punctured and shriveled up smaller than in the first place.

Alas! The Frog had croaked.

Moral: Don't belittle yourself by getting puffed up.

It All Comes Out in the End.



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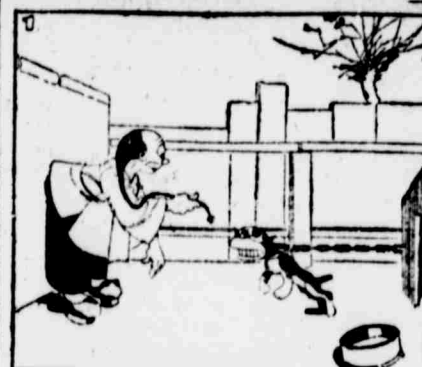
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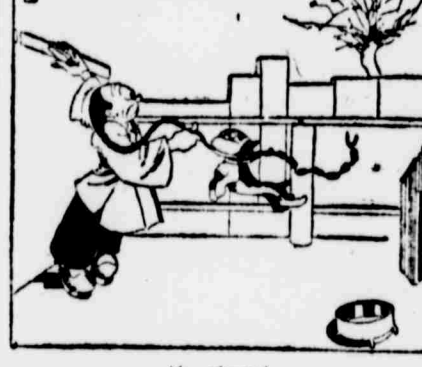
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AR SID.



Ah, there!



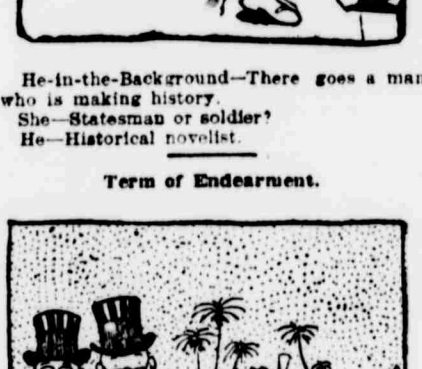
Ah, g'wan!



Ah, me!



Ah, me!



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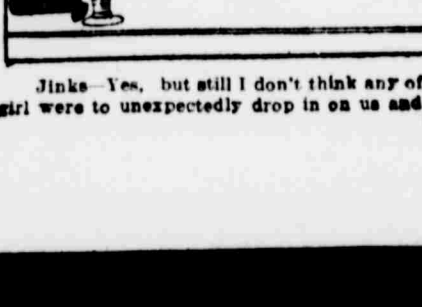
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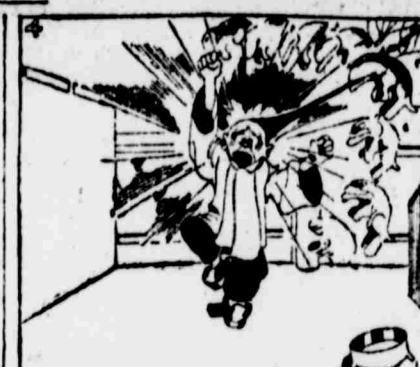
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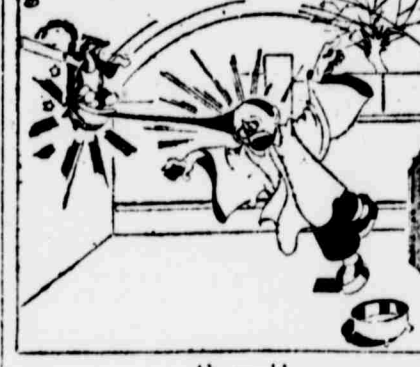
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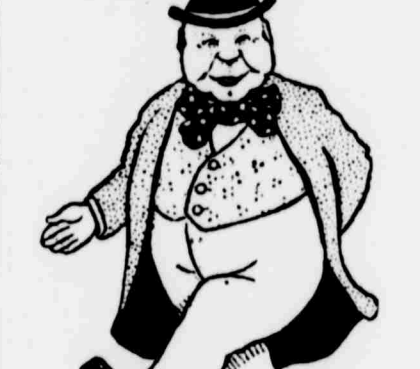
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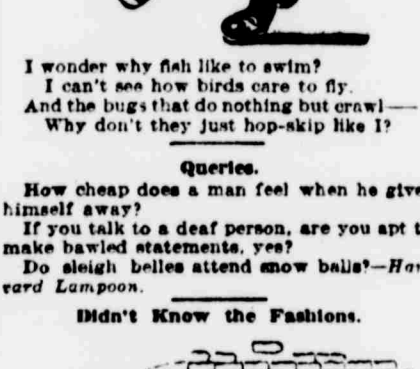
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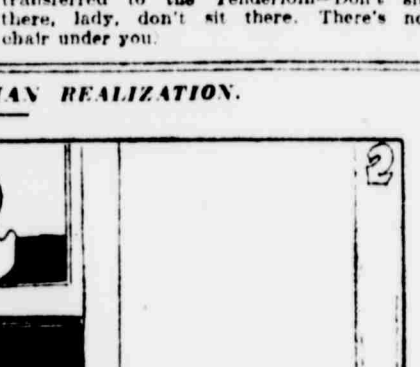
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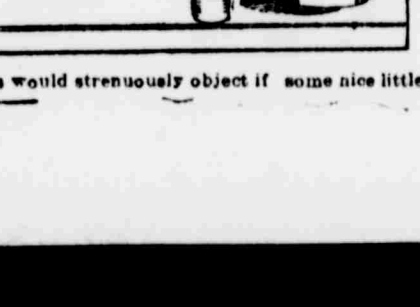
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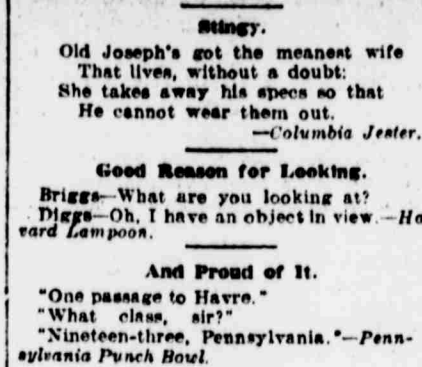
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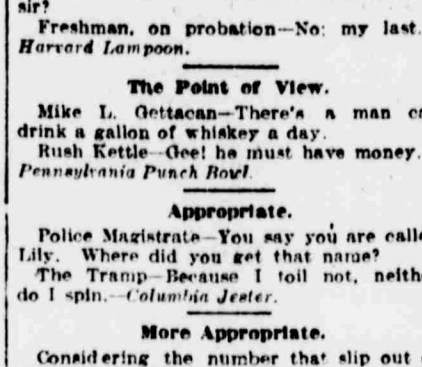
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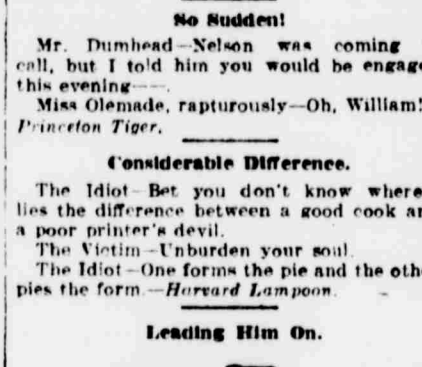
FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.



Ah, there!



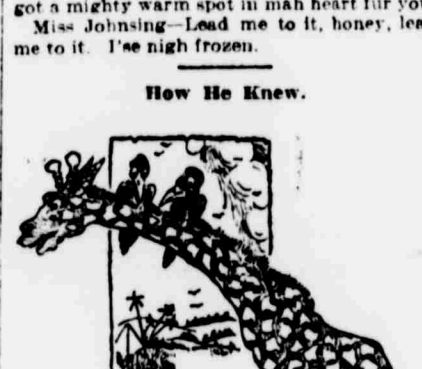
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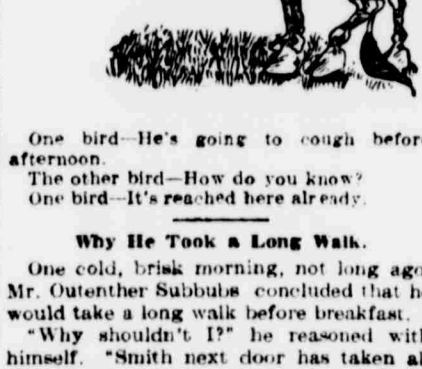
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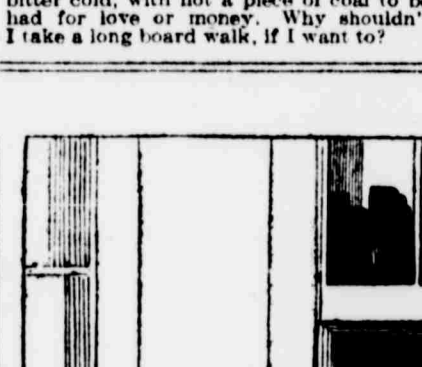
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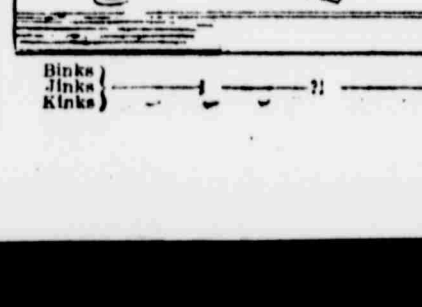
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Introduction Wanted.



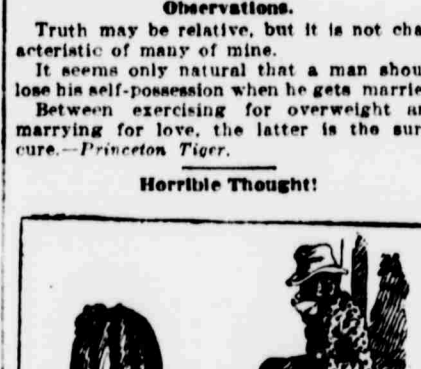
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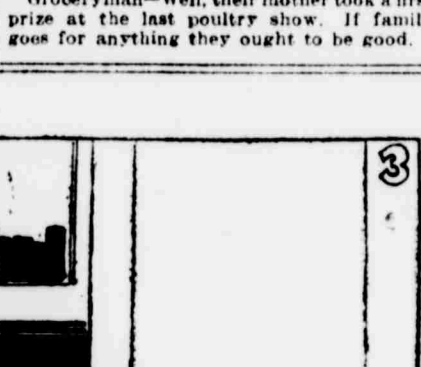
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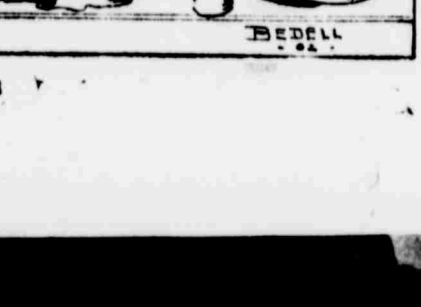
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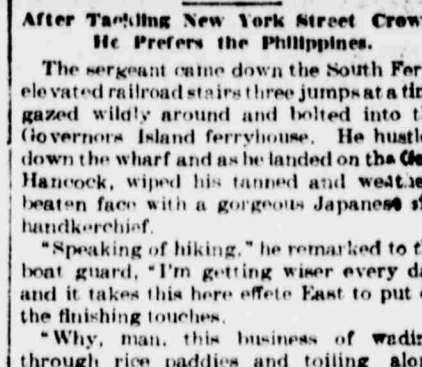
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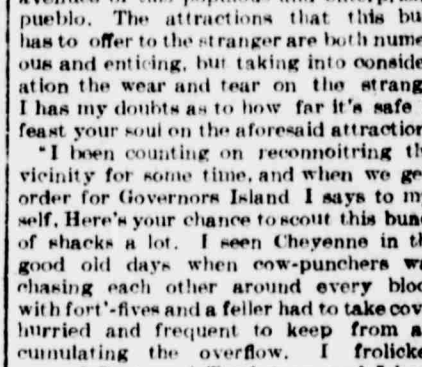
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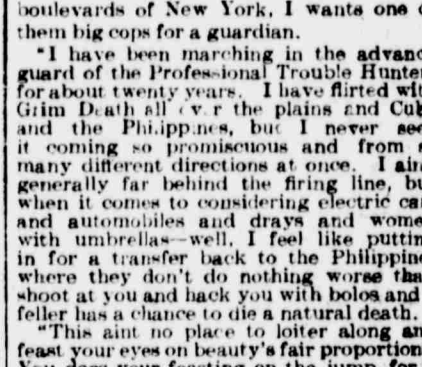
RETURNED SERGEANT TALKS.



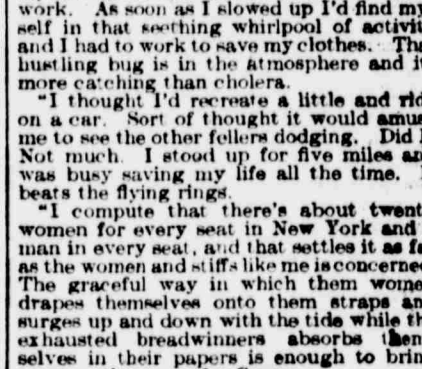
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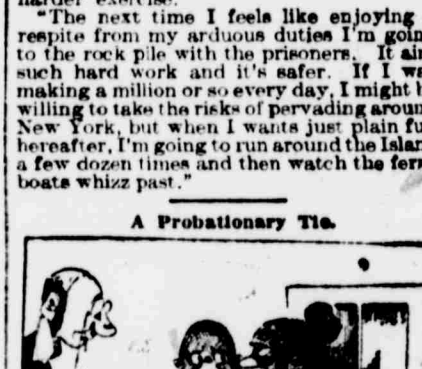
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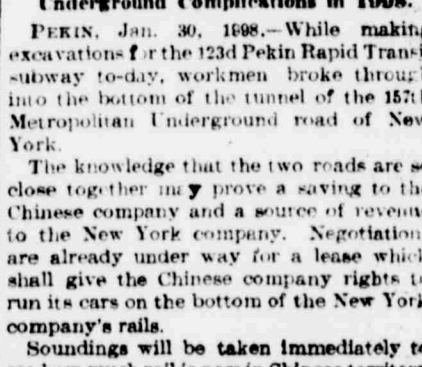
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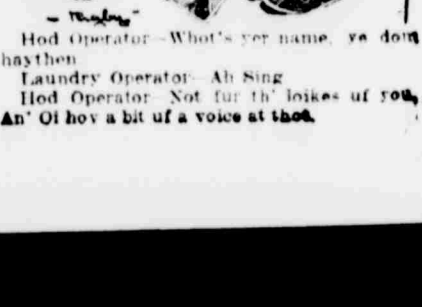
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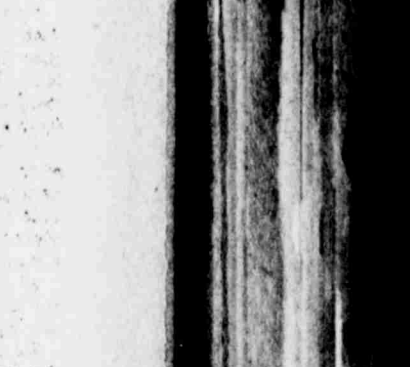
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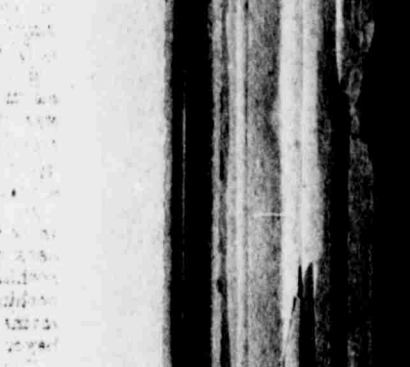
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